

Halo: Reborn

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Summary: Over fifty years after the Spartan II program, failed Spartan Ren-081 awakens from her artificial slumber to find her mutilated body unaged and restored. With over half a century's worth of time wasted, she is determined to make up for everything she has missed—off the battlefield as well as on. Join her in her adventures as she explores the world she has returned to.

## 1. Prologue -Awakenings

**\*\*A new story I have begun to work on; I am excited to see where I might take this, and hope that you will all enjoy it. Don't forget to comment if you liked it, or if you see anything you think that should be added or changed.\*\***

**\*\*DISCLAIMER: I do not own Halo or any of its characters.\*\***

Prologue

Awakenings

You think that this means the end. You are wrong. The end is merely a figment of your imagination. Ren-081 new this better than anyone—after all, she had been to the end. She had been to end yet returned. This is the story of her life \_after\_ the end.

There was nothing but pain when she awoke to the shrill sound of alarms blaring around her. Her eyes weakly fluttered open, allowing light to flood into her vision; only when her eyes had adjusted that the pain was gone. It was merely a memory.

"Soldier, can you hear me?" A voice asked, to which she nodded ever so slightly. "You've been asleep for over fifty years—can you stand?"

\_Stand—?\_ Ren-081 frowned. "I—I can't—I failed the augmentation;

I'm brokenâ€¦" Even as these words left her mouth, she noticed a hand held in her field of view. Her hand. "What happened?"

The owner of the voice slowly helped the girl to sit up, steadying her as she sat up for the first time in five decades. "After you sustained your injuries during the augmentation process, ONI sealed you away in a neutral-buoyancy gel tank in order to preserve your life so they could extract your thoughts in order to form strategies and tactics."

RenÃ© shook her head, pressing her palms to her forehead to null a new pain, which had suddenly grown behind her eyes. Her heart hammered in her chest as she forced herself to stand, swooning dangerously as she realized that the owner of the voice was a good foot shorter than she was.

"Easy there," the voice said in a soothing tone as a hand was placed on RenÃ©'s stomach to steady her. "We were able to reverse the failed augmentationâ€¦but only by using our own modified augmentation, it's normal for you to feel disoriented. Not only are you weak from the medical procedure, but after being in the buoyancy tank for so long your body is out of practice; you'll need physical training before you'll be able to move properly."

The Spartan candidate finally managed to will her eyes to focus, examining the person holding her upright. It was a woman, donning a uniform she did not recognize. It looked similar to that of a UNSC officer, but with padding and armor that seemed useless and unnecessary. By no means would that ever stop a bullet.

"Who are you?" RenÃ© sat down on the recovery bed where she had woken up, reaching for a change of clothes that lay on the bedside table.

"Vice Admiral Vickers," the woman stood back as RenÃ© rose to her feet again, removing the hospital gown and dressing herself in the UNSC garb she had retrieved from the table. She made her way immediately to the door of the room, noting with a satisfied smirk that the clothes fit her enhanced size.

"You seem to need little recovery time after allâ€¦" the Vice Admiral had to adopt a quickened pace in order to maintain her position next to the girl. "Are you sure you feel well enough to be walking already? And in artificial gravity, none the less; the doctor said this could potentially hinder your future performanceâ€¦"

"With all due respect, Vice Admiral," RenÃ© cut off the officer's words as she rubbed her wrists, feeling the all-too familiar sting of the wounds left by the augmentation progress. "I've been sitting on my ass for long enough; I'm in no hurry to rest my feet."

Vice Admiral Vickers halted in her tracks. "Spartan," she said sternly, which in turn brought RenÃ© to a stop. "If you insist on doing so, then at least have a meal. After all," The UNSC officer chuckled, shifting from her aggressive, formal stance to a calm and relaxed one. "You must be damn hungry after fifty years."

## Chapter Two

### Home

General Zara Abraveya of the UNSC Marine Corps. Sat up in her bed, rubbing the sleep from her eyes as the lights slowly came on. Her room sat on the stern end of the frigate that she commanded, the Kenji, a large troop transport. The large window in her living quarters overlooked the busy loading bay, which was often filled with men and women hustling to and from one destination to another.

"General Abraveya," A woman's voice, belonging to the ship's AI, hummed gently through the room. "I've detected an anomaly in your sleep pattern; is everything alright?"

"Just another bad dream, Phyllis," Zara responded, shifting her body so that her legs hung over the edge of the bed. "Bring me my chair, please," She asked hoarsely.

"Yes Ma'am," Came the AI's reply, sending a motorized wheelchair to the General's bedside. "Would you like some assistance? I can call for your aid, if you would like-"

"To hell with that son of a bitch! I don't need some medical school drop out reminding me that I'm a damn cripple!" Zara pulled herself into the wheelchair before coasting towards her closet, wincing as she reached up to retrieve her uniform.

"Please be careful Ma'am; you may have been discharged from the medical wing, but you're spinal column has yet to fully recover." Phyllis cautioned as the General tugged her uniform on roughly. If the AI could feel any true emotion, she supposed that right now she would be feeling pity for the woman. Such a significant veteran should have better a fate than this.

Buttoning up her uniform and straightening her cap, Zara guided her wheelchair through the automatic doors and into the lounge of her living quarters, but she did not stop until she was in the hall leading to the bridge. "I've had enough time sitting around in that damn room; I need some fresh air." She paused, frowning. "At least as fresh as can be managed in this tin can!"

"Would you like a general report, Ma'am?"

"Might as well,"

Phyllis proceeded with her report. "We are on a steady course for New Reach, but Engineering has reported several cases of missing supplies."

"Will we go critical without them?"

"No, but without the missing supplies we will arrive at our destination approximately four days behind schedule."

"Put a notice out, see if they've just been misplaced." Zara replied as she cruised down the long halls of the Kenji. "And make sure that this doesn't happen again; I want shipping and registration catalogs kept. This ship has gone to hell since I've been gone."

"Yes Ma'am,"

"Anything else to report?" Zara demanded as she entered the bridge, nodding at the saluting officers. "At ease,"

Phyllis replied in her usual singsong voice. "ONI has brought a Spartan onboard this morning. They intend to keep her here as part of the security detail as a means of rehabilitation."

"I've only known Spartans to need rehab for madness." Zara furrowed her brow. "I doubt ONI would assign a mentally unstable war machine handle a gun. Why is she being assigned here?"

"According to ONI's records she was stored in a neutral-buoyancy tank due to injuries sustained. She's been posted here until you deem her ready to return to combat." Phyllis answered as the General parked her in the space next to the Captain.

"General," Captain Quae nodded in acknowledgement. "I trust you slept well."

"As well as can be expected, given the circumstances," Zara replied politely. She and the Captain may not get along at times, but that didn't change the fact that they both had great respect for one another. "How's the Kenji holding up?"

The Naval officer shifted in his chair, swiping his fingers across the holographic screen before him, which slid the projected data before the General. "Nothing out of the ordinary, but I've had considerable difficulty in maintaining efficiency of those who are not of my own branch."

"Which unit is it this time?" Zara scanned her eyes over the information quickly, swiping through the pages.

"It would be foolish to say that I hadn't foreseen this; one of your units of ODSs have been providing a fair amount of resistance in your absence." The captain rubbed his temples. It was obvious to Zara that the Navy and Marines had not been getting along.

"Well," She allowed a small smirk to breach her lips as she backed out of her spot next to Quae. "I suppose I should have a talk with them, then."

"Please, do,"

Zara exited the bridge and rose the elevator down the to Marine barracks on the lowest decks of the Kenji. "Care to fill me in on these stubborn ODSs?" She spoke to Phyllis as she was lowered through the frigate.

"An odd bunch, I must say,"

"How so?"

"Well to begin with, they've been in the same unit together since they were first deployed in the Insurrectionist War." Phyllis explained. "As you know, Ma'am, for an entire unit to have been in service throughout the Covenant War is a rare occurrence."

Zara nodded slowly, pondering the AI's words carefully. "It's likely they've formed a bond no less than that of a family."

"My thoughts exactly, General," Phyllis continued. "In addition, these ODST's served under you for the majority of their militant service. My hypothesis is that they are afraid of segregation."

"From myself? How? I've likely never even met these soldiers in person before."

"You are General Zara Yun Abraveya, Ma'am; you are, If I am to quote an official source, the 'UNSC's greatest war hero since the Master Chief'. Being in the Marine Corps, youâ€"in the eyes of your subordinatesâ€" hold more power than ONI itself."

Zara scoffed as the elevator came to a stop and she made her way through the barracks. "That's ridiculous! I was a kid when I fought in the Covenant warâ€" Hell, I still am!"

"With all due respect Ma'am, you accomplished many incredible feats in your time as an ODST. The men are right to view you so highly."

Zara sighed. "That's enough, Phyllis. Just show me to this unit's barracks."

"Yes General," Phyllis stopped Zara in front of a door that was painted with the recognizable symbol of the Helljumpers. "Would you like an escort to accompany you?"

"What for?" She shook her head as she entered the barracks. "I thought you said these men admired me?"

As she entered the room, seven Orbital Drop Shock Troopers saluted her formally in greeting. She examined each of them closely; our men, three womenâ€"a good, mixed team.

"Lieutenant, step forward," Zara ordered as she surveyed the troops.

One of the men stepped forwards, saluting once again. "Lieutenant Marcus Reese, Ma'am," He introduced himself.

"Which Unit do we have here?"

"34-C, Ma'am"

Zara scoffed to herself. "What, no code-name? And I thought you where ODSTs!"

"Wrecker, Ma'am,"

"Wrecker Squad?" The General laughed. "I can tell you seven where enlisted young; it has fresh meat written all over it." She slapped the arm of her chair and grinned. "At ease, soldiers!"

The ODSTs relaxed all at once. The General wheeled around them slowly, gazing around the barracks and making mental notes on the

tidiness of the area. "I want an introduction." She grinned. When she first returned to the Kenji she had thought she had reached the end of her career, but after seeing the familiar layout of the barracks and inhaling the musky smell of sweat and stale air, she decided that she still had plenty to offer the UNSC.

Hell she may not be worth shit in a firefight anymore, but she would have no trouble whipping these troops into top-of-the-line shock troopers. When she was done with them, her men would even give a Spartan a run for their money. She was determined to make the Kenji the best it could possibly be, after all; it was her home.

End  
file.